

When shall we three meet again  
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

If music be the food of love, play  
on

Old John of Gaunt, time-honour'd  
Lancaster,  
Hast thou, according to thy oath  
and band,  
Brought hither Henry Hereford  
thy bold son

In sooth, I know not why I am so  
sad

Now, fair Hippolyta, our nuptial  
hour  
Draws on apace

Tush! never tell me; I take it  
much unkindly  
That thou, Iago, who hast had my  
purse  
As if the strings were thine,  
shouldst know of this.

# Boatswain!

Hence! home, you idle creatures  
get you home:  
Is this a holiday?



Cease to persuade, my loving

Proteus:

Home-keeping youth have ever  
homely wits.

Two households, both alike in dignity,  
In fair Verona, where we lay our  
scene,  
From ancient grudge break to new  
mutiny,  
Where civil blood makes civil hands  
unclean.

# Who's there?

In delivering my son from me, I  
bury a second husband.

As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion  
bequeathed me by will but poor a thousand  
crowns,  
and, as thou sayest, charged my brother, on his  
blessing, to breed me well: and there begins my  
sadness.

I learn in this letter that Don Peter  
of Arragon  
comes this night to Messina.

I'll pheeze you, in faith.

I thought the king had more  
affected the Duke of  
Albany than Cornwall.



Now is the winter of our discontent

York

Nay, but this dotage of our general's  
O'erflows the measure

# Escalus.

O for a Muse of fire, that would ascend  
The brightest heaven of invention,  
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act  
And monarchs to behold the swelling  
scene!